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LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

It was in the nature of things that Frederick Sleigh Roberts should have embraced the military profession. For one thing, he was an Irishman. For another, he was born in a gallant and distinguished regiment, whose bayonets have swayed the issue of Indian battles from Plassey to Lucknow. And yet again, he had for sire a noble old soldier, who began his service almost with the century, campaigned with Lake against the Mahrattas, fought through the Nepaul war, marched to Cabul with Keane and Cotton, and after fifty years of Indian soldiering was still a Colonel. The son of a warrior so staunch was bound to be himself a fighting man. Born in 1832, he received part of his education at Eton, thus furnishing another illustration of the truth of Wellington's famous saying. At the end of his professional course at Addiscombe, he got his commission in that fine service the Bengal Artillery, now merged in the Royal regiment. The outbreak of the Mutiny gave young Roberts his first opportunity. In the hardship, toil, fighting, and glory of the arduous struggle which ended in the reduction of Delhi Roberts participated in full measure, and thus early in his career he had made for himself a name as one of the most promising young officers of the Indian service.

In the column which, on the fall of Delhi, Greathed led through the Doab and onwards towards Cawnpore, Roberts served in charge of the Quartermaster-General's department. He had a signal share in the hot pursuit of the fugitive mutineers from Agra, and when Hope Grant succeeded Greathed, he joined the staff of the former fine soldiers. During Sir Colin Campbell's advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow, Roberts had charge of the reconnaissance service, and led the advance from the Alumbagh to the Dilkoosha. He it was who guided the column of Highlanders and Sikhs from the Martiniere through the river-side low ground to the storm of the Secundrabagh and the desperate fighting in the interior of that enclosure. He it was, and none other, who, on the following day, in the face of a hailstorm of bullets and shot, planted on the roof of the mess house the flag which was to indicate to Outram and Havelock the position attained by the relieving force; and who, when time after time the hostile missiles struck the standard down, replaced it as often with dauntless resolution. It was during the subsequent operations against the Gwalior contingent that, in pursuit after the storm of the village of Khodagunj, Roberts earned the Victoria Cross by capturing a standard from two rebels sepoys, one of whom he killed with a trenchant sword-cut. After an interval of desultory fighting, he participated with distinction in the final reduction of Lucknow, soon after which he was invalided home. On his return to India he took an active and responsible part in the conduct and fighting of the Umbeyla campaign, earned distinction and promotion in the Abyssinian expedition, and was selected by Sir Robert Napier to carry home the despatches announcing his final success. His services in the Looshai campaign brought him his C. B., and on attaining the qualifying rank of Colonel in 1875 he was confirmed in the position of Quartermaster-General in India, with the local rank of Major-General.

It was in August, 1878, that Stolietoff and his Cossacks rode into Cabul; and when a month later the Afghan major in the Khyber Pass told Cavagnari that he had orders to oppose by force the progress of Sir Neville Chamberlain and his mission, Lord Lytton made prompt preparations for the invasion of Afghanistan. Of the three commands, the smallest as regarded force, and the least important apparently as regarded apparent opportunities, was assigned to Roberts, whose appointment to any command, indeed, caused some jealousy, since, although he was locally a Major-General, his substantive rank at the time was that of a major of artillery. While Brown had the Khyber line of advance, and Stewart was directed on Kandahar with secret instructions to make Herat his ulterior objective, Robert's commission was simply to occupy the comparatively insignificant Kuram valley. But the opportunity came to him to fight the only battle of the war, and he was not the man to let the fortunate chance evade him. The Afghan position on the Peiwar Kotal was all but inaccessible, but he found his way to its flank up the rugged and precipitous Spingawai ravine, "a mass of stones heaped into ridges and furrowed into gullies," took the Afghans by surprise in the dim twilight of the dawn, rolled up their left, shattered their centre, and finally hurled them into headlong rout; maintaining the chase of them to the Shutargardan, from the summit of which he looked down on the Cabul plain, the head of his column within fifty miles of Shere Ali's capital. Wintering in the Kuram valley, the melting of the snow found him in the spring of 1879 again advanced to the Shutargardan, his little army of 5,000 men concentrated behind him ready for the forward order he was expecting, when Yakoub Khan rode down the Khyber, and signed with Cavagnari the treaty of Gundamuk which constituted the short-lived "scientific frontier." While the war was in progress, Roberts had attained the full rank of Major-General; when it ended he received the thanks of Parliament,

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.I.E.

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and the distinction of the K.C.B. About three months later the massacre of Cavagnari and his people in the Bala Hissar of Cabul tore the treaty of Gundamuk into bloody rags. Lord Lytton promptly rose to the imperative duty with which, in the still watches of the autumn night, he was suddenly confronted. Ere day-dawn there had sped from Simla the message to Massy, instructing him to seize and hold the Shutargardan. Within twenty-four hours later, Frederick Roberts was hurrying to the front, charged with the duty of avenging the treacherous slaughter of the British envoy. India and England alike applauded the selection. The officers and soldiers who had served under him in the Kuram believed in him enthusiastically, and, what with soldiers is the convincing assurance of whole-souled confidence, they had bestowed upon him an affectionate nickname—they knew him among themselves as "Little Bobs." Ripe in experience of war, Roberts, at the age of forty-seven, was in the full vigor of manhood, alert in mind, and of tough and enduring physique. Junior Major-General though he was, even among his seniors the conviction was unanimous that Lord Lytton and Sir Frederick Haines had acted wisely in entrusting him with the most active command in the impending campaign.

He justified their confidence. A month after his tonga had rattled down the cart-road from Simla, he was in the Bala Hissar of Cabul among the wreck of what had been the British Residency, gazing with moist eyes on the scene of heroism and slaughter, on the smoke-blackened walls, the crimson splashes on the whitewashed walls, the calcined bones in the blood-dabbled chamber where the final struggle had been fought out. Yakoub Khan was in his camp a semi-prisoner; the Afghan dead lay thick on the slopes and in the hollows of Charasiah, where Baker and White had so thoroughly carried out the tactical directions of their chief. Cabul was under his heel: he held its historic citadel; the Sirdars professed profound submission; the country lay quiet and seemed to have accepted its subjection. But Roberts was too well versed in Afghan guile to let himself be deluded into the belief that conquest was assured to him and his handful of 6,000 soldiers. In the great adjacent cantonment of Sherpur, Shere Ali had left to his hand the fortified winter-quarters which he wisely occupied and provisioned. It was not alone on his own perception, sound as it was, that he thus acted. His honored father, during his service in the earlier occupation of Afghanistan, had strenuously struggled to prevent the terrible disaster which befell Elphinstone's army a few months after he himself had returned to India. "My father's experience," the General the wrote to me, "was of the greatest help to me, especially in the determination to occupy Sherpur instead of dividing my force, and to collect sufficient food for men and animals, in case we should be overtaken by a 'December storm.'"

The "December storm" arrived. The old Mushk-i-Alam, the Peter the Hermit of Afghanistan, raised the banner of the Prophet, and proclaimed to the faithful the sacred duty of a *Jehad* against the unbelieving invaders. The Sirdars and Maliks merged their intestine strifes in the universal effort to crush the detested Feringhees (Europeans). Cabul was the common objective. From the hills and valleys of the north, Meer Butcha led down the tribesmen of the Kohistan. From the southern regions, Logar Zurmat, and the Jadran, levies were gathering below Charasiah. Mahomed Jan had mustered in the west the fighting men of the Maidan and Wardak, and from the western uplands was striding down towards the Chardeh valley. Roberts was prompt to realize that the projected Afghan concentration would entail serious disadvantages, and both experience and temperament inclined on him the offensive; for he knew well that *l'audace, encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace* is the game to be played by the commander of disciplined troops against Asiatic levies, even when as now 6,000 had to confront 100,000. The gallant Macpherson routed the Kohistanees at Karez Meer, and then turned southwards to drive Mahomed Jan down on the muzzles of Baker's Martinis. But the Afghan leader was too quick for the Scottish general; thrusting through the gap between him and Baker, he fell on Massy's guns and troopers and thrust them back. Next day the Afghan standards were waving on the Cabul ridge. Once and again the resolute Baker stormed the heights with his Highlanders and Punjaubees, and the British flag floated from the Takht-i-Shah and the Asmai peak; but the cost of holding the positions was held too great, and Roberts wisely ordered a concentration within the Sherpur fortifications. After days of hesitation the Afghans at length hardened their hearts to adventure an assault. Through the mist and gloom of the winter morning rose the fierce shouts of "Allah-il-Allah," as the dense mass of tribesmen, headed by fanatic Ghazis, rushed on the slender defences behind which stood the thin line of British soldiers. Volley on volley struck them fair in the face; they recoiled, but again and again came on, and the morning was far spent before they accepted their repulse. Next morning the vast muster of tribesmen had disappeared to a man, and Roberts with his 6,000 had reinstated himself in the mastery of the situation.

Sir Donald Stewart had marched up from Kandahar, fighting as he came the fierce battle of Ahmed Khel, and winning the easier victory of Urzoo; Lepel Griffin had coaxed Abdurrahman into the acceptance of the vacant Ameership; and the army of Cabul was on the eve of evacuating Afghanistan, when the news came of the disaster of Maiwand and the imminent danger of Kandahar. The duty was assigned to Roberts of leading the force which he was to conduct on that memorable march which has made his name immortal. The 305 miles of this strenuous march were covered in twenty days, including one rest day; the average daily distance accomplished was a fraction over fifteen miles. For his immunity from opposition Roberts was indebted to the stern lessons given by Stewart at Ahmed Khel and Urzoo; but it must be noted that he had no assurance of *exemption from molestation*, and that he marched ever ready to fight. It will long be remembered among us how, when he had started on the long swift march, the suspense as to its issue grew and swelled till the strain became intense. For the days passed, and there came no news of Roberts and of the 10,000 brave men with whom the wise, daring little chief had cut loose from any base, and struck for his goal through a region teeming with fanaticism and bitter hostility. The pessimists held him to be rushing on his ruin. But Roberts marched light; he lived on what the country supplied; he gave the tribesmen no time to concentrate against him; and two days in advance of the time he had set himself he reached Kandahar, retrieved Maiwand by the utter defeat of Ayoub, and earned for himself undying fame.

He came home for a while to tell us some home-truths out of his experience regarding our military methods, and then went back to India as Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army. When Sir Donald Stewart's time was up, he succeeded that grand soldier in the command-in-chief in India, and promptly took up the good work of his predecessor, which had for its aim the adequate protection of the north-western frontier of our Indian Empire. His term of office has been distinguished by the reforms he has introduced, and is still carrying out: it has already once been prolonged because the master-hand is indispensable; and it is an open secret that for the same good reason a second prolongation has been successfully urged upon Lord Roberts. It seems as if, could he be induced to consent, he might have the lifetenure of his Indian command.—*Archibald Forbes, in English Illustrated Magazine*

EXAMPLE LIMITLESS.

An eminent lawyer in Boston, forty years in his profession, once told me how a principle governing his life had been set into his mind.

While a student he went to a meeting held in behalf of missions in that city. One speaker, a plain workingman, stated that then in his family was living "a great Sunday-school and missionary girl." She came from New Hampshire; her wages were "nine shillings per week;" she had a class of street-boys in the —— Sunday-school who never missed her from her place; and she gave one dollar every month to missions. He said further, "She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen." "I went home," said the now venerable lawyer, "with a stirred-up heart by this narrative: 'Class of street-boys; one dollar a month to missions; and happiest girl, etc.' The three things kept running through my mind. I was ashamed of myself. I'll have a place in Sunday-school, was the first resolve. If she can give a dollar a month, I can and will, came next; and as to the happiness, I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teacher, superintendent, valuable helper in Sunday-school conventions and councils, all these years have shown him to be. His gifts to missions and to all Christian work have been steadily growing, and might comparatively be called princely; in tens, hundreds, and thousands he has bestowed, at times *matching by his own the contributions of* the entire church of which he is a member, and which is no mean New England church.

"In three directions," says an eminent German scholar, "we acknowledge impassable limits to natural science;" naming as the last "that which leads from the physical phenomena in man to those of the soul." The instance we have told here does better than the philosopher, for it plainly adds to his three one more, and of far more real worth than all his; namely, the measureless limits of a good example! Can anybody calculate the result of that lowly kitchen-girl's example upon and through even this one man? The Sunday-school work it led him into still keeps him busy; the steady forty years' giving, its effects upon himself, upon the church of which he is a member, and upon all who know him; the missionaries his gifts actually have supported; the converts led to Christ by them, and the other soul-harvests by those converts, to be followed by successions of converts to the end of time; and the Bibles translated, printed, given to the heathen, into which work his contributions through these years have entered; the Sunday-schools and even theological schools which have grown up in these, his giving years,—ah! where are the limits?

What that humble young Sunday-school and missionary woman did is just what in other form, any like her in spirit, in work, in sacrifice for Christ, can do.—*Dr. Whiting, in London Sunday-School World.*

"WE WEIGH OURS."

"Have you a good-sized League in your church?" was asked of a preacher-caller the other day.

"One of the largest I know of," was the reply.

"How many members?"

"*Twenty*," was the answer!

He saw our look of surprise, and hastened to say:

"Oh, we don't count our members; we weigh them."

We saw the point. Do you?—*Epworth Herald.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4, 1892.

WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.—Acts 14:8-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"In his name shall the Gentiles trust."—Matt. 12:21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 14:8-22.—Work Among the Gentiles.
T. Psalm 115:1-18.—Idol-Worship Rebuked.
W. Jer. 10:1-16.—"A Doctrine of Vanities."
Th. Rom. 1:18-25.—"Without Excuse."
F. Psalm 19:1-14.—God's Works and Word.
S. Phil. 3:1-14.—All Things but Loss.
S. Deut. 5:1-21.—The Worship of God Enjoined.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Worshipped by the People. vs. 8-13.
II. Preaching to the People. vs. 14-18.
III. Persecuted by the People. vs. 19-22.

TIME.—A.D. 48, autumn, immediately after the last lesson, and extending into A.D. 49; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judea.

PLACES.—Asia Minor.—Lystra, Derbe and Iconium, in the province of Lycaonia; Antioch in Pisidia.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

8. *Sat*—in some public place where Paul was preaching. 9. *Faith to be healed*—literally, Faith to be saved. 12. *Barnabas*—who was large and of commanding appearance. *Jupiter*—the chief of the heathen gods. *Paul*—who was small, but eloquent. *Mercurius*—the messenger of Jupiter and the god of eloquence. 13. *Oxen*—for sacrifice. *Garlands*—with which to decorate the victims. *Unto the gates*—of the house where the apostles were. 15. *Vanities*—vain and false gods. *The living God*—in contrast with dumb idols. 16. *All nations*—all the Gentiles. *Own ways*—of idolatry, without a revelation. 17. *Witness*—proof of his power, wisdom and goodness. 19. *Drew*—Revised Version: "dragged." 2 Cor. 11:25, "29. *Derbe*—twenty miles away, the eastern limit of this first missionary tour.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? *Memory verses?*

I. WORSHIPPED BY THE PEOPLE, vs. 8-13.—What miracle did Paul work at Lystra? How did it affect the people? Which of the gods did they suppose Paul and Barnabas to be? What did the priests of Jupiter do?

II. PREACHING TO THE PEOPLE, vs. 14-18.—When the missionaries heard of this what did they do? How did they describe the true God? What had God permitted in time past? In what three things had he given witness of himself? What effect had these words?

III. PERSECUTED BY THE PEOPLE, vs. 19-22.—Who came to Lystra? What did they persuade the people to do? In what condition did they leave Paul? What happened afterward? Where did Paul and Barnabas next go? What did they do in Derbe? Whither did they return? What did they do on this return journey?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has given proofs of his power, wisdom and goodness in his works.

2. He has come down to us as the Lord Jesus Christ in the likeness of man.

3. He is to be loved, honored and worshipped as the Lord our Saviour.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What miracle did Paul work at Lystra? Ans. He cured a lame man who had never walked.

2. How did this miracle affect the people? Ans. They thought that Paul and Barnabas were gods, and were about to pay them divine honors.

3. How did Paul and Barnabas prevent this? Ans. They told the people that they were only men, and preached to them the one only true and living God.

4. What did the people next do? Ans. They stoned Paul and dragged him from the city, thinking he was dead.

5. Where did Paul and Barnabas now go? Ans. They went to Derbe and preached the gospel there, and then returned to the cities they had before visited.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 11, 1892.

THE APOSTOLIC COUNCIL.—Acts 15:12-29.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved, even as they."—Acts 15:11.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 11:21-28.—The Return of the Missionaries.
T. Acts 15:1-22.—The Apostolic Council.
W. Acts 15:23-35.—The Apostolic Letters.
Th. Gal. 2:1-10.—Paul in the Council.
F. Gal. 2:11-21.—Paul's Expostulation with Peter.
S. Col. 2:1-19.—Legal Ceremonies Ended.
S. Col. 3:1-17.—Risen with Christ.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Work Among the Gentiles. v. 12.
II. Advice About the Gentiles. vs. 13-21.
III. Letters to the Gentiles. vs. 22-29.

TIME.—A.D. 50; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What caused dissension in the church at Antioch? Who were sent to Jerusalem to get counsel on this matter? How were these commissioners received? Jerusalem? Who met to consider the question? What took place at the meeting? Whose speech is first recorded? What did Peter say? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? *Memory verses?*

I. WORK AMONG THE GENTILES, v. 12.—To whom did the council then give audience? What did Barnabas and Paul declare? What have you learned about these signs and wonders among the Gentiles?

II. ADVICE ABOUT THE GENTILES, vs. 13-21.—Who then addressed the council? What do you know about James? What did they say? What had been foretold concerning the Gentiles? How did these predictions agree with what Peter had said? What advice did James give? What gave great weight to his opinion?

III. LETTERS TO THE GENTILES, vs. 22-29.—What did the council determine? Who were sent to Antioch? What were sent by these men? To whom were the letters addressed? From what place had the trouble of peace at Antioch gone out? What had these troublers declared? What did the council say of this declaration? What were Judas and Silas to do besides carrying the letters to Antioch? To whom did the directions of these letters seem good? What was not to be laid upon the Gentile converts? From what must they abstain? How were these letters received at Antioch?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We are saved not by observing forms and ceremonies, but by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

2. We observe the ordinances of the Church because we are Christians, not in order to become Christians.

3. It may be our duty, from regard to others, to abstain from that which is in itself lawful.

4. We must be careful to put no stumbling-block in the way of others.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who caused trouble in the church at Antioch? Ans. Certain persons from Jerusalem who taught that Gentile converts must keep the law of Moses.

2. To whom was the question referred? Ans. To the apostles and elders at Jerusalem.

3. Who were sent to Jerusalem? Ans. Paul and Barnabas, with certain others.

4. By whom was the council addressed? Ans. By Peter, Paul, Barnabas and James.

5. What did the council decide? Ans. That the Jewish law was not binding on Gentile converts.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MY WORK-TABLE.

I have often wished I could afford one of those tempting cooking-tables illustrated in advertising pages, but $14.50 for such a piece of furniture seemed as unattainable as a slice of the moon. I longed for it for months, as I walked up and down and around my kitchen, gathering together the material for some simple compound; and yet had I purchased it I fear I should have been haunted with the fear that I had been extravagant.

We women never think a man extravagant when he buys a machine, though the season for its use may be only a few days each year. Why, then, I have often wondered, do we not feel justified in furnishing ourselves with conveniences for daily or at least weekly use, especially as all combined would not cost so much as a single one for outdoor use.

To be sure, a man must have good tools in order to compete with his working neighbor; "his time is worth too much to do without." A woman is supposed to be able to compete with her rivals with few, if any, advances over the outfit of her mother; and as patent helps for household labor are as yet rather scarce, we are, perhaps, as equally matched as the men in that respect. As for our time the general opinion seems to be that a woman's time is elastic and will, if properly manipulated, stretch out unlimitedly as her work increases. Or that her time not being worth as much in the market as is a man's, hour for hour, it may be used without regard to quantity.

It is also a common opinion, among the "reasoning" sex, that as our work does not require as great an expenditure of strength in a given time as does the average man's, we may keep going indefinitely without any danger of over-fatigue. I sometimes wonder if the coming woman, whom I love to picture as so capable and useful, as well as accomplished and cultured, will not as universally have her kitchen stocked with patent helps as is her husband's farm or workshop. But I am a present woman, and—alas! far, far different, both in person and condition from that cherished ideal.

We have not had fifteen dollars in cash on hand at any one time since our pork was sold last fall, and the proceeds turned over to pay the interest on the mortgage; so you will see that it was not because my husband was in any way in fault that I found it impossible to obtain the money to purchase the table which I longed for.

After some study I determined to have a work-table, and it has proved so convenient and helpful that I give the details of its construction that some other woman may build likewise.

I took two boxes, each from twenty-eight to thirty inches high when turned on end, about two feet wide and a foot and a half deep, and as I am not a carpenter I decided not to attempt drawers, which would also require more material. I put one shelf in the left-hand one, and two in the right hand, at equal distances from top, bottom, and each other, on good strong cleats as they were to hold jars of lard, sugar, etc., on the one side, and kettles and ironware on the other. These boxes were set face to face not quite three feet apart. Boards knocked from the sides of a long bootbox were then put across and nailed firmly at each end, thus making the space occupied about five and a half feet in length and two in width. I turned a crackerbox on end, put in three shelves, put the cover on as a door with hinges, and set this on the left-hand box, against the wall. On one shelf were put recipe books and a box, in which I drop such clippings as I think may be worth testing, previous to their being placed in my scrapbook. On another, small glass cans containing candied lemon and orange peel and citron, boxes of whole and ground cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, bottles of flavoring, lemon, vanilla, etc. On the third, baking powder, yeast cakes, soda, cream tartar, mustard, etc. Everything is labelled with ink in large letters.

On the right hand side another crackerbox was placed for a flour bin. This was lined with thick, smooth paper, the back half-covered with a board, to which another was hinged for a lid. Three feet above the table I had a shelf put of the same length and width as the table, and two narrow shelves between that and the table, on which are kept tea and coffee pots, canisters, quart-measures, pie and cake tins, etc. On the side of the spice cupboard, over the table, hang egg-beater, mixing spoons, etc.; on the wall gem-pans, chopping-knife, sad-iron handle and stand, and wire dish-cloth and other small articles, making a fine display as grouped here, but looking "littery" and out of place if scattered around on the wall promiscuously.

Under the table, in the open space, is ample room for the kerosene can, a basket which the children fill with the dinner vegetables before going to school, and a pail in which I put my refuse as I make it, that I may not have to run to the door to the original "swill-pail" so often. There is also room for my work-stool when not wanted. This is a box high enough for me to sit and work comfortably while ironing, washing dishes, fixing vegetables, etc. It has castors in the bottom and a nail on the inside on which I hang a work-apron for use over the other when about dishes and vegetables. The mold-board hangs on a hook put in the side of the flour-bin, which comes just flush with the box on which it sets, the boards making the table coming clear up to it on the other side.

For finish, although we agreed the table looked a very convenient and appropriate piece of kitchen furniture, the boxes, spice cupboard, shelves and wall were painted to match the room. Had the boxes been rough, or had there been cracks in them, I should have papered them like the walls. Screw eyes were put in the corners of the shelf above, a piece of fence wire put through and a dark calico curtain hung on it, reaching to within a half inch of the table top. At the ends it was nailed to the shelf at the top. Oilcloth was cut to fit the table top, turning up an inch on the side of the flour-bin, the wall and the spice cupboard, and coming over the front edge, to be tacked on the under side. Below the table another curtain of like material was stretched from box to box on the stiff fence wire, thus shutting all beneath out of sight if wished. On the upper shelf stand my shining milk pails, cans and pans. —*Frank Laurel, in The Housekeeper.*

MIXING AND BAKING PANCAKES.

Whatever receipt for pancakes you may follow, one rule always holds good: Mix all the liquids together in one bowl, and the dry in another, then stir the liquid into the dry, and there will never be any danger of lumping.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt with a quart of flour. In another bowl beat three eggs, add one and a half pints of milk and two ounces of melted butter; pour this mixture into the flour, beating vigorously the while.

INDIAN CAKES.—Put a pint of Indian meal into a bowl, and scald it with rapidly boiling water. Just enough water must be poured on to make a moist, crumbly mass. While this is cooling beat three eggs, add a pint of milk and stir this into a cupful of wheat flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt; then turn this batter into the scalded Indian, beating until it is a smooth mass.

OATMEAL CAKES.—The cold oatmeal left from breakfast mixed with an equal measurement of flour—that is, one cupful of flour to one of cooked oatmeal, with one beaten egg, half a cupful of milk and a spoonful of baking powder, will make very nice pancakes.

SWEDISH PANKAKES.—It is quite essential that these be spelled with a "k," says Octave Thanet, and still more essential that the following directions be followed exactly: Measure one pint of flour after sifting, as unsifted flour has a greater bulk than sifted. Put two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into this flour, and sift again twice. This will obviate streaks and ragged holes. Beat into this enough milk to make a stiff batter. Some flour takes more milk than others, but a cupful will be as near as I can come to the right quantity without knowing your brand of flour. If you can drop a spoonful of this batter back into the bowl and it lies for a moment on the surface and then sinks gradually, it is of the right consistency; but if it lies in a heap and has stiff, ragged edges, it needs more wetting. Now add half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of cream or one of melted butter, and lastly the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth.

Whoever has tried to initiate a "green" girl into the mysteries of pancakes, knows that the battle is only half won when she has thoroughly mastered the art of mixing the batter. If you use a soapstone griddle, the baking is a simple matter, but in the majority of homes the old-fashioned iron griddle still reigns—as it is, indeed, more suited to the majority of stoves. A soapstone griddle requires a very regular, steady heat, such as can best be given by an oil or gas stove.

To produce the ideal pancake you need a hot, smooth griddle, that will send the cakes up, raising them lightly and baking them a golden brown. If the griddle is heated directly over the fire, it is apt to scorch. It is best to have the stove so hot that the covers can remain on. Some ingenious woman has invented a patent griddle-greaser, but a rag wound about a stick will answer very well. Drippings made by trying out the fat of beef and pork can be used, but if you are obliged to substitute lard, have a second greaser, and give a quick, light brush over the griddle with this, which should be saturated with melted butter. This will prevent any suspicion of the taste of lard clinging to the pancakes. As soon as little holes appear over the upper side of a pancake, it is time to turn it. It is better to pour the batter from a pitcher than to ladle it out with a spoon. When done, transfer them at once to a hot plate, and never pile more than three, one atop of another; indeed, if they could be sent to the table singly it would be better, but this is quite impossible when a busy mother is baking for a tableful of hungry children. It is a good plan to let the children learn to bake, and take turns in baking and serving. I have somewhere read a legend of a good bishop, who was not so spiritual but that he was fond of good living, who left a nice little legacy to a farmer's wife who once seated him beside her kitchen fire and plied him with delicate, golden-brown pancakes slipped directly from her griddle to his plate.—*Country Gentleman.*

NUTRITIOUS AND ECONOMICAL FOOD.

With small means the choicer cuts of fresh meats are out of the question, but the tougher and cheaper parts can be used braised, stewed, made into soups, or used in any of the savory dishes that only require long, slow cooking to make them tender and appetizing. Eggs, when the price is reasonable, are a most satisfactory and economical kind of food. When there is no objection to pork, on the score of creed or health, it can be used in combination with many kinds of fish, vegetables and cereals to give them savoriness and the element they lack—fat. Macaroni, when cooked and served with a sauce, is nutritious, healthful and cheap. Peas, barley and beans, when made into stews, purees and soups, make highly nutritious and very cheap food; and beans are good and substantial when baked. Home-made bread is essential to healthful and cheap living. Chocolate and cocoa, made with milk, and served with good bread, are a nutritious and pleasing combination. Simple desserts are economical and healthful. Stewed fruits, with good bread, are much to be preferred, both on the score of economy and health, to pastry, an article both unhealthy and expensive.

TO KEEP REFRIGERATORS SWEET.

This is one of the most important duties of the housekeeper. No matter how many servants she may keep she should give this matter her personal supervision once a week. The refrigerator should be in perfect condition. If the lining be broken in any part, so that the water soaks into the wood, attend to the relining at once; or, if the refrigerator be not worth that, discard it wholly. When possible, avoid having the drain pipe connected with the plumbing in the house. Have the refrigerator placed where it can be flooded with air and light whenever necessary, but, of course, in as cool a place as possible. Once a week have everything removed from it. Take out the shelves and wash them in hot soap-suds; then pour boiling water over them. Place them in the sun; or, if that fails, by the range, that they may be perfectly dried. Now take out the rice rack and wash and scald in the same way, except that, as there are grooves or wires in this, the greatest care must be used to get out every particle of dirt that may have lodged there. Next wash out the ice compartment, running a flexible wire rod down the pipe, that nothing shall lodge there. Put two tablespoonfuls of washing-soda into a quart of boiling water and on the fire. When this boils, pour it into the ice compartment; follow this with a kettle full of boiling water, and wipe dry. Now wash the other parts of the refrigerator with hot soap-suds and wipe perfectly dry. Be careful to get the doors and ledges clean and dry. Leave the refrigerator open for an hour and then return the ice and food to it. Should you, after this care, still have trouble do not use the refrigerator. It will be far better to get along without the comfort it affords than to endanger health and life by using a contaminated article. Food should never be put in a refrigerator while warm, because it absorbs the flavors of other foods and also heats the refrigerator.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

AVOID DUST CATCHERS.

Plainly furnished bedrooms are the best for health. Dust catchers of every kind should be banished from the sleeping room, woollen carpets, large or heavy rugs, thick draperies from the windows, and scarfs from over pictures. The furniture should be of willow or cane and not upholstered. A sleeping room furnished in this way and thoroughly aired every day, has none of the stuffiness of the ordinary bedroom. Its freshness and cleanliness invite to sound healthy sleep.

SAVING in the kitchen tells upon the income and makes the bank account heavier, but there is one saving that exceeds even these, it is that the wife and mother save herself.—*Good Housekeeping.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

MUTTON STEW FOR TWO.—Two mutton chops, cut from near the shoulder. Put them in a shallow pan having a tight cover. Pour on boiling water to the depth of one inch, cover and simmer one hour; add more water as it boils away, using only enough to keep the meat from burning. Add two slices of French turnip, two small onions whole, and when the meat and turnip are nearly tender add two common-sized potatoes, having first soaked and scalded them. Add one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Remove the vegetables without breaking; let the water boil nearly away, leaving enough for a gravy. Remove the fat, thicken the gravy with flour, and, if needed, add salt and tomato catsup. Pour it over the meat.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—Ink stains may be taken out of boards by the use of strong muriatic acid or spirits of salts, applied with a piece of cloth, and afterwards washed well with water.

DAINTY LININGS.—There are various materials used for lining bureau drawers. The simplest is a folded sheet of white shelving paper; but of late years it has been the fashion to make inexpensive sachets, which will cover the bottom of the drawers. This may be made of a layer of cotton batting, through which a little violet-orris powder has been scattered, and covered with cheese-cloth, in any dainty color the maker may fancy. These sachets are then tufted down with knots and embroidery silk. More expensive drawer sachets, which do not become so easily soiled as cotton, are made of glaze or of India silks in rose, blue, lavender or any dainty color. Rose-colored sachets are very often perfumed with dried rose leaves or rose sachet powder and caught down with little knots of rose-colored ribbon. Lavender sachets are perfumed with lavender flowers.

POTATO CROQUETS.—One pint mashed potatoes or about five medium-sized potatoes. One tablespoon butter, one-half saltspoon of white pepper, a pinch of cayenne, one-half teaspoon salt, one fourth teaspoon celery-salt, a few drops of onion juice, and the yolk of one egg. Mix all together except the egg, and beat until quite light, add the egg to this when it is slightly cool, and mix thoroughly, then add one teaspoon of chopped parsley. Shape the mixture into round balls first, and then roll these out long and flatten at each end. Roll them in fine bread crumbs, then dip into a beaten egg that has had two tablespoons of water added to it, then dip again in the crumbs and fry in smoking hot lard one minute, and drain.

MEAT, when used for soup, should be put on to cook in cold water; also any salted meat, like ham or corned beef; but where it is intended to be used as boiled meat it should be put on in boiling hot water, so as to harden the fibrine and confine the juices of the meat. The meat should, in all cases, be kept under the water. Turn it frequently, so it may cook on all sides. It should boil only gently. A pod of red pepper added to the pot will keep the odor of boiling from filling the house. Remove all scum as it rises. Allow twenty minutes to a pound.

GARNISH means to add to meat, poultry or salads a trimming. In dishing up roast meat lay a spoonful of jelly or gooseberries just on the slice to be served to one person. Poultry, trim the edges of the dishes upon which it is served. Celery and parsley leaves, hard-boiled eggs, water-cresses, lettuce and jellies are the principal articles used.

The Family Circle.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The word unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it may be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow, with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE OLD MINISTER'S GIRL.

(Concluded.)

With the butt of her fish-pole she began to poke over the row of fresh mounds. Now and then a potato turned up, overlooked and buried by the diggers. She collected a dozen or fifteen, and filled her pocket bulging full, and also her pocket-handkerchief.

Her conscience troubled her a little as she went homeward.

"You wouldn't call it stealing, really and truly, would you, Papa Joe?" she said. "But perhaps 'twould be squarer to tell Mr. Bird. Perhaps he'd let me hoe the field all over; and I could take your old hoe, Papa Joe."

That afternoon the family had corn-cake, baked potatoes and fried fish.

As farmer Bird sat milking the cows in his farm-yard next morning he noticed a girl with a hoe and basket at the yard bars.

"Well, well, Stubby, you're out early," said he.

"Pretty early," said she. "May I dig your potato field over again, Mr. Bird?"

"What for?" said the farmer.

"Oh, I saw that you had some nice early rose potatoes," said she, "and I picked up a few as I crossed the field yesterday. I thought they might as well be saved."

"Why, I wouldn't mind giving your folks a bushel of potatoes," said the farmer, kindly.

"Oh, no, I don't want you to," replied the girl. "It's fun to dig for them, and find them where you missed them."

"Well, you're welcome," said the farmer, laughing.

"A queer young one!" he muttered to himself, as he watched her hurry off to the field.

For two or three hours Stubby delved, and toward noon went home in high spirits, tugging a half-bushel basketful of potatoes, every one of which she had unearthed from the mounds.

"What do you think of them, Henry boy!" she cried to her brother, at the window. "I'm going to make a potato-bin in the cellar."

Stubby's idea worked so well that in a week or two she had a well-filled bin, for two other farmers had permitted her to re-dig their fields.

Then a long, cold rain-storm set in, which continued for four days. Stubby could not dig the fields; but every day, for an hour or more, she was out hacking at a stump for fuel. Fortunately the dry pitch-wood burned well, even though wet.

There was no oil for a light in the evenings; but Stubby set Henry to cut splinters off the ruddy pitch-wood. These they burned, one by one, at the open door of their little stove. The girl grew very thoughtful during these days. Snow would soon come, and the ground freeze. Then no more stray potatoes could be gleaned.

"Henry boy, is pitch-wood good for anything but to burn?" she asked her brother, as they sat cutting splinters one evening.

"Not that I know of," replied the boy. "They sometimes make torches of it to spear fish by. It's good to kindle fires with, that's all."

"Who knows but that somebody would like some of ours to kindle their fires with?" exclaimed Stubby.

At the grocer's, down at the manufacturing village where she had gone to sell her eggs, she had seen scores of little bundles of wood tied up, with a card above them upon which were the words, "Two for five cents." The people bought the wood, she had heard, to kindle their coal fires with.

"'Twas only common wood, too," thought Stubby. "It wouldn't burn half as hot, nor last a quarter as long, as our pitch-wood."

"Let's try it!" she cried, hopping up at length, as the excitement of her new idea grew upon her.

"Let's go to manufacturing, Henry boy. I'll cut lots of pitch-wood, and we will take the old saw and saw it up short, and then we'll find some strings, or some wire, and you can tie up little bundles of it—lots of them. When we've got a hundred I'll put them in the old boat and row down to the village and sell them."

Feeble Henry caught something of his sister's enthusiasm. Mrs. Wardwell was less hopeful; but the children set about it next morning, Stubby, of course, doing most of the work.

All the strings in the house were soon used up; and they unwound the wire from two old broom-handles. They worked hard, taking great pains to have the bundles look neat. Late in the evening they had completed the hundred bunches.

People on the river road laughed outright next forenoon as they saw the old punt, piled up high at the stern with fresh bundles of pitch-wood, and recognized Stubby rowing slowly down stream. It was a quaint spectacle, but the girl was far too much in earnest, and had too much at stake to care for the funny calls which came to her from the shore.

A little way above the great dam across the river she drew her boat ashore. Then loading her potato-basket with a dozen bundles, she set off on foot in quest of customers.

At first she called at the grocery where she had seen wood bundles for sale. The grocer himself put up the wood, which he sold at a good profit, and did not care to buy. But at last he offered to take the lot at the rate of four bundles for five cents, if Stubby would expend the money at his store.

"Seems to me you want both ends of the bargain," said Stubby.

The man laughed.

"At any rate, I shall try peddling," continued the girl, pluckily. "If I cannot do better, I'll trade with you."

"Go ahead," said the grocer.

Stubby applied first with her basket at the kitchen door of a large boarding-house;

"Got a plenty," said the woman in charge, shortly.

"Just let me show you how mine will burn, ma'am," exclaimed Stubby. "They are all clear, fat pitch-wood—twice as good as those you have. They'll go three times as far, too. You can touch 'em off with a match without any paper or whittlings."

She unbound a bundle and illustrated with a match the value of her goods.

"They do burn pretty nice," said the woman. "I guess I'll take a dozen off ye."

"I'll be round again in a week!" exclaimed Stubby, as her fingers closed joyously on the thirty cents—the first money she had ever earned. "Don't buy of anybody but me, please. I'll fetch good, fat pitch-wood every time!"

The woman laughed. "Funny little thing," she said to herself. "But I sort o' like her."

Thus Stubby's day of peddling began. Not in every place did she make a sale, scarcely at one house in ten, in fact; and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before she finally closed out the last twenty bundles of her stock with the grocer, and invested her money in rice, cheese, sugar, butter and two big balls of coarse twine.

The many trips back and forth from the boat had tired even her resolute little feet a good deal. To add to her labors, too, the wind blew down the river, making the return trip in the old punt doubly arduous.

It was not till after dark that she at last reached home, more tired, it seemed to her, than she had ever felt before. But none the less the trip had been a victory.

"We've struck it, Henry boy!" she hailed her brother, gleefully. "We've struck it! Two dollars and a quarter to-day. Only look at the stuff I've bought, Marmy Sarah!"

She took the next day to rest in; but the third day after saw her on the river again, with another hundred bundles of pitch-wood.

Nearly all who had made a trial of her kindlings were disposed to purchase more. Her merry talk and manners pleased the people too; and when they had inquired concerning her, one of another, and learned her story, her popularity increased. She found a market for all the pitch-wood bundles she and Henry could put up.

In the course of a month more the river froze and snow fell; navigation had closed for the season. The snow soon became very deep; but those obstacles were not allowed to impede the pitch-wood business. Stubby opened paths with a shovel to the stumps. She and Henry then worked till they had three hundred bundles on hand, when farmer Bird was hired to draw them to the village with his horse and sled.

Stubby, with her pedlar's basket, rode on the top of the load.

These trips cost her fifty cents each; but she still did well, and was able to provide her family with the necessaries of life, as well as many of the comforts, through the winter.

When spring opened the river she launched her boat again. She and Henry accumulated their stock until she was able to take down two hundred bundles—five dollars' worth. The demand really seemed to increase with the supply, and Stubby was soon able to hire a man to come for a day with his horse and cart and haul a large pile of the pitch-pine to their door.

A great many pine stumps are scattered along the sandy plain by the river. Stubby appears to have made but a beginning with them. No one thought them of any value till she began to utilize them. Nearly a year and a half has passed since she offered her first punt-load of pitch-wood kindlings in the village.

Last week selectman Gover stopped on the road to talk a few minutes with farmer Harriman about the state of the highways and the town's poor.

"Only 'leven paupers on the town farm now," said he; "three less than last year. Better'n I expected 'twould be. Thought like's not, a year ago, that we should have to move the old minister's fam'ly over there."

"You won't get little Stubby to anybody's town farm right off!" said Harriman. "Stubby's gettin' rich, they say, outer them old pine stumps! Haw! haw!"

"So I've heard! So I've heard!" said the selectman. "Bicknell, the cashier of the savings bank down at the village, told me the other day that the old minister's girl was laying up money. Said she had forty or fifty dollars in the bank."

"Don't doubt it a bit," said Harriman. "I was goin' by there a few days ago and saw her out in the yard puttin' up them kindlin's. Had that Henry out there, sittin' in a chair, bunchin' and bindin'. The old lady was inside at the open window, knittin' away. They looked as comf'table as you please. Stubby was talkin' and laughin' about something or other. Haw! haw! haw! I like to hear that girl laugh; she laughs so hearty!"—*L. A. Stephens, in Youth's Companion.*

IN THREE MONTHS.

BY A. D. WALKER.

Dr. B—— was the most prominent man in my congregation, and I had an earnest desire to see him embrace the religion of Jesus.

At one time we were holding a series of extra meetings. After the close of one of them, before I left the church, Dr. B——'s wife came hurrying from her home in great excitement.

"Oh, Brother M——," she cried, "do come over and see the doctor!"

"What is the matter with the doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, but come over and see him," she entreated. "It is the great question," she added.

I hastened over, and as I entered the door the doctor came to meet me with the look of a maniac in his eyes, exclaiming in frenzied tones, "Oh, Mr. M——, what shall I do? I am in such distress!" and throwing himself upon the floor he groaned like one bereft of sense; soon after he arose and strode about wildly and ran towards me crying for help; and then again he threw himself upon the floor.

I watched him for a few minutes, and then taking him by the arm I endeavored to raise him from the floor, saying, "Rise, doctor; the Lord does not want you to do so, he simply wants you to submit to him, give up your will, and take salvation."

"I will! I will!" answered the distressed man.

"Then kneel and let us ask the Lord to pardon and accept you at once," I said, falling upon my knees.

"I will do it to-night at the meeting," was the agitated reply.

"No, doctor," I said, "do it now; why not do it now?"

"Oh, the meeting is the most suitable place. I will make my peace with God to-night at the meeting."

"Why, doctor," I returned, "so much time has passed now that it is almost the hour for the meeting; let us settle the matter at once."

"I will do it at the meeting; you will see that I shall be there and shall make it all right; I will certainly."

I could urge the man no more, and was forced to leave him.

Evening came and the doctor was not at the meeting. He had been called away to a patient at a distance. I went early next morning to his house. He had been up nearly the whole night.

"Well, doctor," I said, "you were not at the meeting last evening."

"No," he replied, "it was impossible to be there; but I have the important matter all settled."

"Have you, indeed?" I asked; "and how have you settled it?"

"Oh, it's all right. I have solemnly engaged to be a Christian in three months, not to defer later."

"Is this a wise conclusion, doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I am entirely decided, and it will be all right with me in three months."

I pleaded with the man, but all in vain. "I will be a Christian in three months," he said, and nothing could move him from this decision.

The three months passed away, and the doctor was not only not a Christian, but had begun to take intoxicating drink.

Shortly after I was obliged to leave the town, and for a year I learned nothing of him. At the end of that period I received a paper which contained a notice of his death; and later on I learned that he died from the effects of morphine, which he took to end his life, in order to escape the disgrace and misery which drink had brought upon him. He died without becoming a Christian.

Delays are dangerous, but never so dangerous as when eternal interests are at stake.—*American Messenger.*

WHICH RULER?

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend, who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teachings, and do not bind one down as the Bible." The old merchant turned to his desk and took out two rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion. "Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?" "One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, do not take a crooked ruler."—*The Christian Worker.*

SOME VERY EXCELLENT people tell you they dare not hope. To me it seems much more impious to despair.—*Sidney Smith.*

RIGHT REV. A. R. TUCKER, D.D.,

MISSIONARY BISHOP OF EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

The welcome accorded, at last year's Keswick Convention, to the missionary Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, will, says a late number of the *Christian*, be fresh in many minds, while his burning words—uttered, as he himself said, as the mouth-piece of twenty millions, from whom rang the cry, "Careat thou not that we perish?"—still echo in hearts not a few. Doubtless, during the missionary meetings of the summer, many privileged again to meet in happy conference have thought prayerfully of him who, while they have been renewing the sweet fellowship of Keswick, is once more in the fore-front of the battle, face to face with the cares of an arduous undertaking, and the added anxieties and perplexities of the present *crisis in Uganda*.

Alfred Robert Tucker, who comes of an old Westmoreland family, was brought up in the Lake district. He is now a little over forty years of age; and, before his mind was directed to the ministry, he attained some eminence as an artist, several of his pictures having been hung in the Royal Academy. He himself has stated that his thoughts were first turned to Christian service by observing the spiritual destitution in the dales where his early years were spent. As opportunity arose, he sought to labor for those around him, and by-and-by felt definitely called to the ministry. At that time a brilliant career as an artist seemed open before him; but, once he realized the higher call, he gladly surrendered what others might have deemed a more attractive prospect.

He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, taking his B.A. in 1882; and it is told how, while at Oxford, he gave himself to open-air preaching and personal effort among his fellow-undergraduates. Ordained in 1882 to the curacy of St. Andrew-the-Less, Clifton, he enjoyed for some time the privilege of working under a spiritually-minded man, the Rev. E. P. Hathaway. After three years of earnest service, he removed, in 1885, to St. Nicholas, Durham, where he remained five years as a fellow-worker with the Rev. H. E. Fox. Probably (under God) much of his zeal for and devotion to foreign missions is due to his association with the Vicar of St. Nicholas, inasmuch as Mr. Fox is intensely in earnest on the subject of missions, and anyone in close contact with him is likely to catch something of his enthusiasm.

During these eight years of busy parish work it is stated that Mr. Tucker's heart often turned to the foreign field, and particularly to Central Africa, and he kept himself well informed of the history of the Uganda Mission; but so far the door had seemed closed. Meanwhile, in consequence of Bishop Parker's death, the executive of the Church Missionary Society were looking out for a successor, and it is recorded that Mr. Tucker had been suggested as possessing the peculiar gifts required for the post. Certain difficulties, however, presented themselves—as, for example, that it was unprecedented that a curate should be raised to a bishopric; while, further, Mr. Tucker was married, and, in view of the deaths of Bishops Hannington and Parker, it had been intended that the new bishop should be unmarried. So the matter dropped, and no communication was made to Mr. Tucker on the subject.

But the Lord has his own ways of working, and early in 1890 Mr. Tucker was led to offer himself to the Church Missionary Society for the mission-field in East Africa. He felt, he said, that the call had come, and he and his young wife were ready to obey. This offer was, of course, for simple service as a missionary, but the committee felt that the Lord's hand was in it, that here was the right man for the vacant bishopric. From all they had learned, they judged that Mr. Tucker possessed the special qualifications necessary for such a responsible post. When informed of the charge they wished him to undertake, he felt time was required to consider and pray over such a serious matter. In due course, however, he intimated his willingness to accept; his name was submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, approving of the choice, nominated him, and he was consecrated on April 25, 1890.

Within six hours after the consecration service at Lambeth he was *en route* for Zanzibar. In the course of a farewell sermon in St. Nicholas Church, Durham, the new Bishop said:—

"The call which came to me seemed irresistible, and it was mine simply to obey. Words fail me utterly to give expression to what I feel as to the responsibility laid upon me, as to the glorious privilege which is mine, and as to my own utter unworthiness to take part in such sacred work, such high and holy service. When the possibility of it first came before me I could but lie down in the dust and cry out, 'What am I that I should touch such work?' But, thank God, the blessed Saviour came and whispered those gracious words, 'Fear not, thou trembling one, trembling with a sense of thy own unworthiness; I will make my grace sufficient for thee.' And so, cheered and lifted up, called with such a call, energized with such a blessed hope, I desire to go forth to this work to which God has been pleased to call me.

Arriving at Zanzibar on May 14, weak and ill through accidental poisoning on board the steamer, Bishop Tucker was startled by the news that Mr. Cotter, one of the party preceding him, had died that morning, and his first duty was to take sorrowful part in the funeral. Next he had a telegram announcing the despatch of the "Emergency Party," a band of four, who, in response to an urgent telegram from Mr. Hooper, had started, at four days' notice, to reinforce the Mission. These soon reached Zanzibar; but alas!

THE RIGHT REV. A. R. TUCKER, D.D.

in July one of them, Mr. Hill, died at Saadani; while, a few months after, another of the party, Mr. Dunn, also passed away. The Bishop, who had suffered sorely on the long journey to the interior from fever and ophthalmia, reached Uganda on December 27, 1890, the first of the three bishops to enter M'wnnga's capital. The very next day being Sunday, Bishop Tucker addressed a thousand native Christians in the church they had themselves built.

Miss Sarah G. Stock, in her deeply-interesting book, "The Story of Uganda," describes the Bishop's care to lay the foundations of a native ministry by setting apart six young men as evangelists, tells of the eagerness of the Baganda to secure the Swahili Testaments, of which a small edition had been brought by the new-comers, and recalls how the Bishop dealt with misunderstandings between Protestants and Romanists. As to his return last year, the author says:

The Christians provided Bishop Tucker with the necessary supplies during his sojourn amongst them, and would have been only too glad to keep him longer. But he and his brethren felt that the right course was for him to proceed home to England at once, to relate what he had seen, and bring out fresh laborers to occupy the fields for work opening on all sides. Accordingly, on January 22, 1891, he and Mr. Hooper bade farewell to the missionary band, and to the warm-hearted converts, many of whom accompanied him some way along the road to the lake. Their last morning on the shores of Uganda must be described in the Bishop's own words.

"We were astir before sunrise. The purple flush of the dawn was brightening when there came, on the stillness of the morning air, a sound which stirred our souls to the very depth. What was it? From some little distance, from a native hut which we could see but dimly in the half-light, there came a voice from one pleading with God in prayer, then came the response, then once more all was still. What was the meaning of it? Those were the voices of Christian men and women engaged before sunrise in family worship. They were men and women who only a few years ago were living in all the darkness of heathendom. Could we, as we stood there on the Uganda shore for the last time, could we have had a more touching proof of God's work of grace in the hearts of the people, and of the power of the everlasting Gospel to change men's minds, turning them from darkness to light, from the power of sin and Satan unto God?"

Bishop Tucker reached England on May 23, 1891, but before his arrival some of the reinforcements he had come to ask for had already started for Africa. Mr. Ashe had set out for his former field of labor, with a party of others. . . . One of these had, like Cotter and Hill, to lay down his sword at the very outset. Rev. G. H. V. Greaves died at Zanzibar just a month after reaching Africa.

How, last year, Bishop Tucker was welcomed on June 2, and how he pleaded the cause of Uganda in Exeter Hall, at Keswick, and in many parts of the country, must be fresh in the minds of all our readers. On December 4, he started once more for his field of labor, taking with him seven fresh missionaries, in addition to six who had previously gone forth. At his farewell meeting great enthusiasm was aroused, and some £8,000 was raised, in response to an appeal by friends of the Society, for a special fund to prevent the withdrawal of the British East Africa Company from Uganda.

Since reaching Zanzibar, the Bishop has been pushing his way to the great lake. How he has been affected by the recent fighting at Uganda remains to be made known; and many await with interest letters from him which may throw more light on these troubles and on their issue as regards the missionaries.

A PIONEER BOY'S THANKFUL-BOX.

Two years ago, at the close of a September day, the Lyon family reached Sweet-Briar Place. Tired Mrs. Lyon's eyes filled with tears when she saw a beautiful site for a home, but no house, no trees, no cistern or well, just a grassy prairie.

"Boo-hoo!" wailed Freddie. "It isn't nice here. I want to go back to New York!"

Mr. Lyon was busy feeding the two faithful horses, Dolly and Snip. He looked pale and sad, Neddie saw that he did.

"I want to stay here and help papa farm. We can sleep in the waggon until we get a house," said the brave boy.

"That's my man," You'll help me plough some day. Of course we can sleep in the curtained waggon. The lumber will be here to-morrow morning, and we will soon have a house," replied Mr. Lyon cheerily.

The next morning everybody waked rested and feeling bright. The prairie was a beautiful great green grassy carpet, brightened with gay yellow flowers. The lumber and carpenters came early, and in two days the Lyons were living at home in their funny little box-house.

Jack Frost came soon and caught the coal-box empty, and kindling-wood was very scarce in this treeless country. To get coal Mr. Lyon must go to the Cherokee coal-banks, *eight* miles away, and buy the coal, or else the right to dig it, from the Indian owner of the mine.

When Neddie begged to go too, Mr. Lyon said, "Yes, if mamma will prepare lunch and can spare you for two days." So off the coal-diggers started for the coal-banks.

They reached the mine at sunset. A large number of farmers were digging their winter's coal. Mr. Lyon, after lunch, made a warm bed for Neddie under the waggon upon the soft grass, and then he lighted his lamp and began digging.

Neddie looked around. The stars shone out. All was new and strange. Some jolly miners were singing, and as he listened a thought came to Neddie: "The mission-box, our thankful-box. I'll tell these men about it. Perhaps some of them could spare pennies for it."

When Mr. Lyon came to see if Neddie was asleep he found him whispering, almost asleep, "My thankful-box; I forgot to bring it."

The next day Neddie spent in telling the miners of the mission-box that the Lyon family were slowly filling.

"The money is to make some poor people happier and better. My mamma can explain about the missions. Some of our pennies are for home missions and part for the foreign ones. Freddie and I give our candy money to the thankful-box," he explained to the men, who were interested in the plan.

"Boys," said a young bright-eyed miner, "cannot we give our tobacco money to the missions?"

"We will," responded several voices, and several silver coins were thrown into Neddie's lunch-pail.

Before sunset Mr. Lyon started for home with his waggon well filled with coal. When they reached there, and after the greetings and rejoicings told the story of the mission money, Mrs. Lyon was very glad.

"It is just what we wanted to buy books and papers for our little Sunday-school," she said. "How good God was to open the hearts of these men to send it! Now we shall have to put in some extra pennies ourselves, because we are so glad that he remembered us."

But God had chosen an earnest-hearted boy to be his messenger to these strange men. If Neddie had not done his part they would never have known about the "thankful-box."—*Child's Paper.*

SHEAVES.

I wonder if he remembers—
That good old man in heaven—
The class in the old red schoolhouse
Known as "the noisy seven."

I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be,
Or thinks we forgot his lessons
Of Christ and Gethsemane!

I wish I could tell the story
As he used to tell it then;
I'm sure that with heaven's blessing
I could reach the hearts of men.

I often wish I could tell him,
Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless girlish frolics,
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him
What his lessons did for me,
And how I am trying to follow
That Christ and Gethsemane.

And many besides, I doubt not,
Will gather at last in heaven
As the fruit of that faithful sowing,
But the sheaves will be surely seven.

—*American Messenger.*

DERVISHES IN NEW YORK.

Twenty-three strange men who have come to New York from Southern Egypt performed their peculiar religious ceremonies in Madison Square Garden on August 5th. They began by marking off a semicircle twenty feet wide on the floor. This was washed scrupulously clean and was then surrounded with sheepskins. Then their leader, a sheik wearing the green turban, the emblem of his rank, and a long drab-robe, entered the semicircle, leaving his red shoes behind him and solemnly blessed every foot of the space. He was followed by the other dervishes —some wearing yellow turbans, others red and others white, indicating their rank. After salaaming to the sheik, one of the men commenced a mournful, monotonous chant while the others swayed their bodies violently and groaned. The chanting and the swaying were kept up until, at a word of blessing from the sheik, they suddenly ceased. The sheik rose from his haunches and walked to and fro in the semicircle, muttering prayers. Then there was music and at its conclusion the sheik took up a coarse bag and drew out a live snake. After placing it around his neck for a few moments he took it off and while one of the dervishes held it, cut off its head. The dervish bit a piece off the writhing body of the snake and swallowed it. The music was resumed and the men shrieked and howled in frenzy as one after another bit and swallowed pieces of the snake, snarling over them like savage dogs. Then some of the men, called whirlers, threw off the long gowns like the sheik's which they had been wearing, and stood up, wearing long skirts and hats like inverted flower pots. With extended arms and closed eyes they whirled around, while the other dervishes played weird unearthly music. The whirling was continued for twenty minutes when it was stopped at a word from the sheik and the men stood like statues on the edge of the sheepskins while he offered a silent prayer, which closed the ceremony. This scene was witnessed on a Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and the dervishes evidently regarded it as a religious service. The fact of their thinking that such practices are pleasing to God implies that they have a very strange conception of what God is. But even people who have the light of the Bible do not always try to understand his character. If they did, we should hear less than we do about the details of rituals and forms of ceremonies, and we should see more people regarding the words of the prophet, who said: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6 : 8.)—*Christian Herald.*

TOM'S HALLOWE'EN JOKE.

BY LUCY HENRIETTA WRIGHT.

"But, Tom," said Mrs. Moseby, "I do not believe in playing practical jokes." The boy's eyes twinkled as he noted his mother's disturbed expression.

"Now, mother, I am almost sure you will approve of this one," and then he unfolded to her his plans.

"I am afraid you cannot persuade them to join you," she said, shaking her head dubiously, "but I will do all I can to help you."

"I think I can make them see that my plan will be a good one," he said, hopefully.

Tom Moseby had been a wild, mischievous boy and had caused his mother many anxious thoughts, but six months before, he had become a Christian and a church member. He often tried to plan some way by which he could gain an influence over his boy companions for good. He realized with sorrow that he had often led them into mischief, but when he endeavored to induce them to attend church or the young people's meeting they only laughed and replied, "That will do for you, deacon." Tom was not discouraged, however, but quietly watched his chance.

The residents of the village of West Alderton knew from past experience that the morning of the 1st of November would find gates transported so far away as to be almost beyond tracing. Deacon Beaver had found his waggon off in the woods, just as he was giving up the search for it, and in fact there were no tricks too daring or annoying for the boys who indulged in this mischief.

As Tom passed near where they were consulting he heard Joe Barnes say, "S'pose we take that old waggon-bed and put it up against Widow Jones's door. Wouldn't she and little Polly have a fine time getting out in the morning?"

The boys all laughed and one of them replied, "That's a good idea."

Tom came over and, joining the group, lowered his voice as he said, "I say, boys, I can put you up to a better joke than that." They all looked at him doubtfully. Was he growing tired of being good, and coming back to join their crowd? "You know Widow Jones is awful poor," continued Tom. The boys assented, wondering what connection that fact could have with playing a trick on the rheumatic old lady. "Now let's go there Hallowe'en and take that waggon-bed into the yard, right near the door, where she and Polly can see it the first thing in the morning; then we will each take something to put in it. I will bring a bushel of potatoes."

Joe Barnes turned on his heel and thrust out his tongue. "Don't see no fun in that," he growled, but Rob West, who was kind-hearted, said, "I think that would be jolly. How I would like to see little Polly open those black eyes when she sees a waggon full of vegetables at the door. I can bring a bushel of apples."

The other boys entered into the scheme. At least it would be something new, and they were tired of always playing the same old tricks. Before they separated their plans were arranged.

On the evening of the 31st of October, seven boys met near Widow Jones' cottage. The old waggon-bed was quietly carried into the yard and placed near the kitchen door. Then the donations of apples, potatoes, pumpkins, grapes, nuts, beets, turnips and parsnips were carried in and stealthily deposited in the waggon.

Inside the house the widow was saying to her grand-daughter, "Dear me, Polly, I wonder what them boys will be up to to-night. I do hope they'll not put the gate up on the shed as they did last year."

And Polly answered "If they don't do that it'll be something worse, likely."

When the boys had softly filed out of the yard and had reached the street corner, Tom said, "Boys, mother said you were all to come home with me. I know she has something good for us." If the boys had any other plans for mischief in their heads they were ashamed to say so, or perhaps the thought of Mrs. Moseby's eatables was more attractive to them. Be that as it may, they all accepted the invitation and spent a jolly evening in playing games and eating nuts, ginger-bread, and home-made candy.

The next morning, when little Polly Jones opened the kitchen door, she looked in alarm at the heap before her, then cautiously approached it and removed the covering of old canvas which the boys had thrown over it. Her cry of amazement and joy brought her grandmother hobbling to the door, and when she saw the bountiful provision for the winter, she leaned up against the door and cried for very thankfulness, saying, "God be praised for his mercy."

This scene was graphically described to the widow's benefactors by Rob West, who had risen early and gone across the fields, and hiding behind the widow's coal-shed, witnessed the effect upon Mrs. Jones and little Polly. "I declare, fellows," he said, "I never felt so mean in my life as I did when I thought that we were planning to play such a mean trick on the old lady. If you want me to play jokes like this one of Tom's I am ready at any time to help, but I will never torment any one again on Hallowe'en as long as I live," and he kept his word.—*Golden Rule.*

LOTTIE'S BURGLAR.

Lottie Brown stood at the front window one summer morning, watching an organ-grinder across the street, while mamma Brown was preparing to go out, and Aunt Susie, who was visiting them, sat quietly reading.

"Now Lottie," said mamma, bonnet on and hand on door-knob, "get your bed made and your room straightened up right away, then go to your practising, and when you are through you can have the rest of the morning to yourself."

"Yes'm," said Lottie: but when mamma had gone she made no move towards carrying out her instructions; on the contrary, she stood at the window until the man with the organ was out of sight, then she drummed idly on the piano for a few minutes, and at last threw herself into the depths of an easy chair to read.

More than an hour had passed, when suddenly Aunt Susie dropped her book, and looking straight at Lottie exclaimed.

"Dear me, what a bold and unscrupulous burglar! Really I don't see how you can get along with him at all, Lottie."

"What burglar, auntie; what do you mean?" asked Lottie, looking up in a startled way.

"Why your burglar, of course; so far as I know he's the only one about," answered Miss Susie.

Lottie looked at her aunt as though she thought that young lady's mind must be unbalanced, and said slowly.

"My burglar! Why I haven't any burglar, auntie. I never even saw one. I'd die of fright if I did."

"Oh, yes, but you have," insisted her aunt, "and a most outrageous one he is too; he is robbing you every day of your most precious possessions."

"What on earth do you mean, auntie?" and Lottie sat bolt upright, staring in amazement at the young lady who had made such alarming assertions.

But Aunt Susie declined to explain further, and retreated behind her book; and Lottie away wondering.

"Lottie," said her mother that evening, "did you practise to-day?"

"N—no'm," hesitatingly. "I didn't have time."

"Didn't have time?" and Mrs. Brown looked very incredulous; "how was that? Didn't you have the whole day?"

Lottie looked rather ashamed, and muttered something about two hours to-morrow.

"Lottie," said her father at noon the next day, "I wish you'd take this letter to the post-office in time for the mail. Better do it right away," he added, as he left the house.

"All right," said the little girl; but she got interested in something else, and when the mail went out Mr. Brown's letter was not in it.

"Say, Lot"—it was her brother Sam now that spoke to her— "I wish you'd sew some buttons on for me, will you? I am in a hurry."

"Oh Sam," said Lottie, "I can't to-day. I haven't time. I'll do it to-morrow. I've got so many things to do to-day."

But Sam didn't see it that way, and went off muttering something about people that were for ever putting things off.

"There!" said Aunt Susie from the sitting-room window, "it's that detestable burglar again; don't you see, Lottie, that he's stealing from you?"

"Now, auntie," said Lottie, "you just must tell me what you mean. I'll not let you go until you do;" and she threw her arms around her aunt's waist and held her fast.

"Very well," said Miss Susie, "since you have me fast I don't mind telling you who your burglar is. His name is 'Procrastination,' and he is as formidable as his name; perhaps you have heard of him; he is known as the great 'thief of time.'"

"Oh," said Lottie, as though she began to see her aunt's meaning. "But you said he was stealing my most valuable things."

"And so he is. Every time you put off doing what you ought to do, this thief is stealing golden minutes and hours and days, more precious than jewels, for no money can buy them back."

Lottie looked thoughtful, and her aunt continued.

"Every day since I came I have heard you say 'I haven't time;' and it is true, for you let this thief steal it all away from you, and when it is gone you have nothing to show for it."

"That's so," said Lottie earnestly; "but I never thought about it before."

"Well," said her auntie kissing her, "think about it now, and whenever this robber attempts to steal his way into your storehouse of time to rob you of precious minutes, just call your policemen and put him out."

"My policemen, auntie, who are they?" asked Lottie laughingly.

"They are Industry, Promptness, Perseverance, and Determination," replied her aunt: "and four more efficient officers I never heard of anywhere."

"I'll try and remember about them," said the little girl.

"Do, and I'll engage that they'll vanquish your burglar."—*Jenny White in Child's Paper.*

FIFFIN'S THANKSGIVING.

"Come, Fiffin! Step lively, little gal, if you want to go down to the foot o' the lake with me, this fine fall day!"

The hint was enough. The little girl did "step lively," washing up the dishes with a vigor which, if they had been made of earthen-ware instead of tin, would have left few whole ones among them. After the comfortable cabin had been tidied up, and her shabby straw hat and still shabbier jacket put on, there was nothing for her to do but wait, with all the patience she could muster, while her father gathered together all the moccasins that he had on hand and half a dozen fox-skins, and loaded them into his sailboat.

The cargo left plenty of room for himself and Fiffin, though the boat was small. They settled beneath the shadow of the patched sail, and were borne by the fresh, bracing morning breeze, as lightly and gracefully as the gulls that dipped, and rose, and fluttered so near, sometimes, that Fiffin thought she could almost stroke their shining backs with her hand if they would only keep still long enough.

It was a rude, solitary life that Tom Morris and his motherless child lived, in that log-built cabin upon the shore of the great lake. Tom had lived in the woods all his life, and it was only in their familiar shadow that he felt himself at home, and the peer of any, rich or poor.

By no means an idle or thriftless man, he found employment during the summers as a guide to tourists who frequented the region; while the remainder of the year was spent in hunting, trapping and fishing. With good health and steady habits, he had little difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door of his woodland cabin; nor had he failed, since his little daughter was old enough to go to school, to send her for one term at least every year, to the school kept in the little village at the foot of the lake.

These few weeks spent at school were, to Fiffin, a season of intense delight. She picked up in that time a surprising amount of knowledge of books and of the ways of civilized life.

Her nickname, Fiffin, was a tender diminutive of Josephine. Tom was very proud of her, and at her solicitation he subscribed for a weekly paper, every word of which she read aloud to him, advertisements included. By and by, as a great concession on his part, and after a great deal of persuasion on hers, he took her down the lake on an occasional Sunday morning, to attend church and Sunday-school.

These rare occasions were the pride and delight of the child's heart. To see her father clean-shaven, and with his yet ungrizzled hair carefully brushed, and shining with a generous supply of bear's-oil; his flannel shirt replaced by a white one and surmounted by an immaculate paper collar and gorgeous red and blue necktie, filled her heart with pride and joy.

"We are just like other folks to-day, daddy!" she would declare, triumphantly, as they paddled leisurely home, under the glowing sunset sky, their frail birch canoe dancing from wave to wave as if, like a thing of life, it shared her exultation.

At the village, the minister's gentle daughter had spared no pains to win the love and confidence of her little pupil, and to see that the new influences which she sought so eagerly were good.

On this particular autumn week-day morning, when her father took her down the lake in his sailboat, Fiffin gladly took the time to pay a visit to the parsonage while her father attended to his business at the store. She found the minister's daughter, Miss Lizzie, deep in her preparations for the approaching Thanksgiving festival, and, to her intense delight, Fiffin received an invitation to help along the pleasant work.

"You may stone the raisins for me if you like, dear."

No one else had ever called her "dear," and Fiffin would have gone through fire and water for her sake. As it was, she had only to pick out the seeds from the raisins with the tip of a dainty little penknife, which was, in itself, a treat to handle.

Miss Lizzie spiced mince-meat, which Fiffin gravely tasted and pronounced judgment on. She sliced citron and beat eggs and sugar into a rich golden cream, all so deftly and daintily that her assistant was lost in a perfect maze of delighted wonderment.

"What a slick way you have of doing things!" she remarked, timidly. "Are you looking for company?"

Her friend laughed good-naturedly.

"Why, I'm getting ready for Thanksgiving, day after to-morrow, Fiffin, and my sister and her family will spend the day with us, as they always do." She glanced curiously at the bewildered little face staring at her across the table. "Don't you keep Thanksgiving at your house?"

Fiffin shook her head and flushed deeply.

"Haven't I told you that we don't ever have anything like other folks?" she asked, somewhat bitterly.

Miss Lizzie understood it all.

"Do you know," she asked, "why the governor of the State sets apart one day in the year for a Thanksgiving Day?"

"No, I don't."

"Because it is proper and right that, at this time of the year, when all the harvests are gathered in, and people are glad over well-filled barns and cellars, they should remember to thank God, who has sent the sun and rain to ripen their crops, and take one day for a day of feasting and giving of thanks to Him for His goodness."

Fiffin had dropped her knife and sat listening to her friend's words, with a look of intelligent comprehension in her big, black eyes.

"Course they ought to thank Him," she said. "'Tisn't any more than fair!"

Then, after a little longer thought, came the personal application:

"Our potato crop was bigger this year than it has been for a long spell."

"That's nice!" said Miss Lizzie.

"And there's the beans, too! Dad says we've got enough to last us through the winter. And squashes and pumpkins, and a dozen head of cabbage, and—why, I put up a dozen jars of strawberries, an' dried a lot of rosb'ries, and—land sakes, alive!" warming with her subject, "if we haven't got enough to be thankful for, I should like to know who has?"

"Well?"

Fiffin jerked her head to one side, like a reflective sparrow, while she tapped thoughtfully upon the table with the fingers of one little brown hand.

Then she said sharply, "I'll do it!"

Her friend nodded a smiling approval. Then followed an animated housewifely discussion, which ended in Fiffin's taking her departure, laden with a small pail of prepared mince-meat, a jar of Miss Lizzie's tomato pickles, and several carefully copied receipts for turkey stuffing, pumpkin pie, and plum-pudding.

When his little daughter entered the store where he was waiting for her, Tom Morris looked up with a knowing smile upon his rough face and a twinkle in his eyes, that Fiffin knew meant something uncommonly pleasant for her.

"Step this way, Dotty!" He nodded mysteriously as he led the way to a long counter, where were temptingly displayed several ready-made outside garments for women and girls.

"Now, Harry!" he said to the young man behind the counter, "you fly round lively, and see what you've got here that'll suit this young woman?"

He chuckled delightedly. Fiffin's face was a sight to see, as, one after another, the warm, pretty coats were tried on and discussed, until at last the wavering fancies of both father and daughter settled upon a modest, neatly-fitting Newmarket, made of a small russet plaid.

"Just the color of the dead leaves," Fiffin remarked, as she proudly buttoned the soft, thick garment about her figure.

But when the price was announced the warm color faded from her face, and she looked doubtfully at her father.

"Ten dollars! That's a good deal to pay out in a lump just for a cloak."

Tom only smiled, and nodded his head reassuringly.

"Peltry has riz," he explained in an undertone, "and Jack Burns paid me that five dollars he's been owin' me so long; besides, I sold my moccasins for the cash down. You've arned it, little gal," he added, fondly, as he saw the cloud upon her face, "and there aint no kind o' reason why you shouldn't have as good clo'es as other gals."

But Fiffin was already unbuttoning the garment. She refolded it and laid it deliberately upon the counter. Then she said resolutely, with a little tremor in her voice:

"No, daddy, I can get along well enough without the cloak, and I'm going to have a Thanksgiving dinner instead!"

Tom's countenance fell. He looked disappointed, surprised, almost angry.

"I didn't think," he said, gruffly, "that you was one of the kind that cares more for what they put into their insides than to look neat an' decent outside."

Fiffin laughed as she fastened her poor little jacket, and stole a mischievous glance at her father's frowning face.

"Don't I always look 'neat an' decent'?" she demanded, straightening her figure with womanly dignity. "My clo'es are clean an' whole if they are old, and—oh, father!" she lowered her voice coaxingly, "I do so want to keep Thanksgiving like other folks. I've just set my heart on it, and I'd rather do that than have the nicest cloak in the store."

Her father yielded to her wishes, but he was puzzled, and not a little disappointed. His child's craving for human companionship, for a share in the life of the great world outside; her intense desire to be "like other folks," was a problem that he had never yet been able to solve.

For himself, he loved the woods, and their solitudes were never solitary to him. His fellow-men were a help, sometimes, but he had little need of their companionship; nor had he the least desire to adopt any of their ways and habits that conflicted with his life.

But Fiffin was his idol, and if she wanted a Thanksgiving dinner she should have it. So he followed her to the market, helped her select her turkey, and bought fruit, spices and sugar—everything, in fact, that the proud little housekeeper ordered, without a word of protest.

Better still, he remained at home all the day of the preparation. He pared and cut up the pumpkin, stoned the raisins, beat eggs, and chopped the pork for the stuffing with such zeal and heartiness that Fiffin was deceived into thinking that he had forgotten all about the coat.

It had been a hard, anxious day for her, but things had turned out remarkably well, and before going to bed that night, she could not forbear a parting look at the array of good things all ready for the morrow.

Lighting a candle, and followed by her father, she opened the door leading into a short, narrow entry that connected the main building with a small out-house, used as a storeroom in moderate weather, with shelves especially for Fiffin's milk-pans and cream-pot.

The one window opposite the door was open, and as the two entered, the strong draught almost blew out the candle.

"You'd better shet that winder, I guess, Fiffin," said Tom, as he sheltered the candle with his hand. "There's consid'rable of a breeze to-night, and—"

"Not enough to do any harm, I guess, daddy," said Fiffin, as she patted tenderly the turkey lying in state, all ready for the morrow's baking. "'Tisn't so very cold to-night, and there's nothing here that the night air 'll hurt. Besides don't you remember how, when I was cleanin' in the spring, I stuck my foot right through that under sash? and it hasn't been mended yet."

"To be sure, so you did," said Tom. "Well, I must say you have done pretty well, for all." He looked about with pleased eyes.

"Why can't you let the 'for all' go?" retorted Fiffin, a little pettishly.

Then she laughed. Fiffin and her father understood each other perfectly.

Two hours later, when all was dark and still in the little cabin, and only the low whispering of the cold wind through the pines broke the stillness without, Fiffin awoke suddenly, with a cry and start, while her heart beat fast and hard, with a strange, frightened feeling, as if something dreadful were about to happen.

She sat up in bed and listened intently.

Everything was quiet, until an owl, perched upon the roof just over her head, sent forth his hoarse, familiar challenge. Reassured, Fiffin lay down contentedly.

"It must have been Hootie that woke me up," she thought, remembering that her pet always selected this spot from which to make his nightly observations. She had turned her face to the pillow, when all at once, loud, clear, and unmistakable, came a clash and clatter from the storehouse.

Fiffin was out of bed in an instant, and feeling her way down the dark stairway, with hasty trembling steps.

"Daddy!" she called softly, and as Tom awoke with a sleepy growl, she hurriedly

explained: "Somebody has broken into the lean-to! I heard 'em knock some of the dishes off the shelf. It woke me up!"

Tom was wide awake now. He lighted his lantern, slipped on his moccasins, and examined the priming of his rifle as coolly as if he had been expecting this summons for a week.

"Now," he whispered, "I'll go ahead with the rifle, and you keep clost to my heels with the lantern. And the minute I open the door you pull up the slide, an' turn the light right into the shanty."

Fiffin nodded, and the two crept softly along the passage toward the building, from which now came sounds, tumblings and a strange series of thumpings, with the more or less heavy thud of falling boxes and buckets, accompanied by a low surly growling that Tom was perfectly familiar with.

"It's sartainly a b'ar!" he whispered cautiously "and if he don't git scairt, an' clear out too quick for me, I'll put a bullet through his thievin' carcass before he's two minutes older."

The door swung outward and with little noise, so that Fiffin had time to throw her light upon the scene, and her father to take careful aim before Bruin, who had his shaggy head deep in the molasses tank, awoke to a sense of his danger.

Encumbered as he was, the bear, with a clinging mixture of molasses, milk and Indian meal, tried desperately to make his escape through the window by which he had entered.

Tom fired.

Stung by the pain of the bullet, the clumsy brute paused an instant with open mouth and angry eyes, glaring upon his enemies as if uncertain whether to fight or run. But his natural cowardice prevailed.

With one desperate leap the intruder gained the window-sill and drew himself up with a growl, just as the hunter's second bullet struck a vital spot. Then with a groan, a groan that sounded frightfully human, he tumbled heavily upon the ground outside.

Tom caught the lantern from Fiffin's trembling hand and ran to the window. There lay the bear in a great heap, motionless except for a few spasmodic twiches of the huge limbs. The second bullet had done its work, and the four-footed burglar had met the just reward of his crime.

There was the exultation of the hunter in Tom's voice, as he exclaimed, "He's done for, the raskil!"

But poor Fiffin was gazing sadly at the wreck that the animal had left behind him, and as she looked, the big tears gathered in her eyes and rolled silently down her cheeks.

There lay portions of the turkey, the pies, the paper of raisins, sugar, butter, eggs and milk, all trampled and ground into the rough plank floor. The Thanksgiving dinner on which Fiffin had been counting so much had been completely ruined. Nothing could be rescued from the wreck.

Fiffin sobbed as if her heart would break.

"It's too bad! it's too bad!" was all that she could say; and finding himself unable to console her, Tom took her up in his strong, tender arms, just as he had done when she was a baby, and carried her upstairs, where he tucked her into bed as tenderly as any mother could have done. There he left her, with an unwonted kiss upon her wet cheek.

"Mebbe 'taint so bad as it looks at first sight," he said. "Things aint ginrally, I've noticed, and—why, Fiffin, I'll bet there's a bar'l of ile in that critter's body, if there's a drop."

It was with a very sober face that Fiffin went about getting her breakfast the next morning, but there were no tears in her black eyes; she had had her cry out; and French Joe, who happened in on his way over from the village and was promptly engaged by Tom to help dress the slaughtered bear, rather wondered at her calmness after such an exciting night.

"But it ees a pitee—a great pitee!" he declared, sympathetically, as he sat down to the wholesome breakfast with Tom and watched Fiffin pour out the steaming coffee. "Ze T'anksgiving dinnare, too! It is all despoiled—gone up, Tom tell me."

"Yes," Fiffin smiled faintly at Joe's well-meant expressions of sympathy. "I haven't had the heart even to look in there this morning, it was such a mess last night."

"It ees too bad!" echoed Joe; but her father interrupted cheerily:

"That b'ar is as fat as a pig, and we'll have a roast off of him for our Thanksgiving dinner that'll make your mouth water. Then there's the squash an' turnips that the b'ar didn't tech; and you must make an Injin puddin'. For my part, I don't want nothin' better'n a good, sweet, wheyey Injin puddin', baked till it's as red at the heart as a cherry. Land sakes! we sha'n't go hungry, I guess, if the b'ar did eat up the turkey an' step on the pies; and if I don't git enough out of his hide ter pay for all the mischief he's done, I'll miss my guess."

Both men laughed, and Fiffin brightened up hopefully. A new idea had suggested itself to her—a feature of the Thanksgiving feast that she had not thought of before.

"Joe," she said, kindly, "won't you eat your Thanksgiving dinner with us—you and your wife and little Joe?"

She was not prepared for the sudden brightness that overspread the poor fellow's swarthy face, as he accepted her invitation with a delight that betrayed how lonely and uncompanionable the little French-Canadian family had found themselves, in a foreign land.

"My wife—ah! she be too deelighted, happee, so glad, you call it. She haf no mate, no neighbor here, all strangers; and leetle Joe! Why, he laugh his head off, *pauvre garcon!* he so glad."

Fiffin proudly welcomed the shy little French-woman and her black-eyed baby to the hospitalities of her neat cabin that afternoon. But there was something deeper than merriment or pride in her smile as Joe, with an air of delighted importance, presented her with a big basket from the kindly landlady of the hotel at the village, who sent it with her compliments and the hope that it would do something towards making up for the loss of her Thanksgiving dinner.

There was a noble turkey, all cooked and needing only to be warmed; pies, cakes, cranberry-sauce, nuts and raisins, and a box of grapes in sweet, purple clusters, with the summer's lost sunshine shut up in their glowing hearts.

It was a merry, never-to-be-forgotten dinner; and when it was all over, and the pleased and happy guests had taken their leave, Tom drew his little daughter to his knee.

"Look here, sis," said he. "This Thanksgiving has been something like. An' now do you know what I'm a-goin' to do? There's enough ile in that b'ar to pay your tuition at the school this winter, and buy that 'ar ten-dollar cloak, arter all!"—*Mrs. H. G. Rowe, in Youth's Companion.*

TWO PROLIFIC PLANTS.

The *Strathearn Herald* tells an interesting tale of the introduction of the coffee plant into East Central Africa. Four slips were taken out by Mr. Duncan, of the Church of Scotland mission. Three died, and, says the *Herald*, "only one little tiny struggling slip was left, and it looked as if it were to die too; but it didn't—it lived; and that one little slip has grown into the Coffee plantations, not only of the mission at Blantyre, but of Buchanan Brothers at Zomba, of the African Lakes Company at Mandala, and of Messrs. Sharrer, Duncan, and others; till this year (1891) we learn that the Messrs. Buchanan have in their plantations alone 1,000,000 coffee plants, and that the highest price quoted in the London market for the season has been for this very Shire highland coffee. That little tiny slip, so feeble-looking, and once so nearly dead, yet so marvellously fruitful, is a fit emblem of the mission itself.

A parallel case to this is the introduction of what is now the banana of commerce into Samoa. Three plants were sent out in the mission ship "John Williams" from the Duke of Devonshire's splendid conservatories at Chatsworth. On their arrival at Samoa they were thrown out as dead. The Rev. H. Mills, one of the London Missionaries there, thought that one of them seemed to have a possibility of life in it, and he planted it. It grew and thrived, and from that one plant have sprung all the bananas which now come to us from Samoa, Fiji, and other groups. The islands had bananas of their own before, but all of this particular sort come from that single plant.—*Australian Paper.*

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